

# The Top of the Town,

O R,

## The Furbelow Basket-Woman :

*Who went from Margarets-Hill in the Burrough of Southwark to Stocks-Market, so well Furbelow'd, Patch'd and Painted, that ne're a Town Lady of them all is able to compare with her.*

*Tune of, The frolick som Couple.*

*Licensed according to Order.*



**Y**OU Furbelow'd Ladies of City or Court  
that *paint, patch, and wash* for a *frolick som sport*,  
And Powder likewise your Furbelw Port,  
*with a toldera, toldera, toldera, toldera, toldera,*  
*la val la.*

For all this is done by the Girls of the Town  
Who make it a Trade for to trudge up and down,  
And rustle their Furbelows for half a Crown.  
*with a toldera, &c.*

Come all to the *Burrough of Southwark*, and there  
A Furbelow'd Mistriss you'll find I declare,  
Out-does all your topping Town furbelow ware.  
*with a toldera, &c.*

She'd a Furbelow Hood and a Furbelow Head,  
And a Furbelow Stock for to tumble in Bed,  
With another fine Furbelow too that was hid.  
*with a toldera, &c.*

She'd a Furbelow Scarf and a Furbelow Gown,  
With a Furbelow Fan the like never was known,  
Besides a fine Furbelow'd thing of her own.  
*with a toldera, &c.*

She had Furbelow Ruffles and Gloves of the same,  
What think you, ent this a fine Furbelow Dame,  
She had a rare Furbelow I dare not name.  
*with a toldera, &c.*

From the *Crown* of her *Head* to the *Sole* of her *Feet*,  
She look'd like a Lady of pleasure so sweet,  
Being Furbelow'd every part most compleat.  
*with her toldera, &c.*

This Furbelow'd Lads many People do know,  
In her Furbelow dress to *Stocks-Market* did go,  
Where thousands did follow to see the fine show.  
*of her toldera, &c.*

Near that to a Tavern she went for to dine,  
With many fine Sparks and a Glas of good Wine,  
Where Furbelow Mifs they did turn up so fine,  
*her toldera, &c.*

Now Mifs of the Town you may give your *Trade o're*,  
For here is a Furbelow Mistriss I'm sure,  
That Trades all for Love to the Rich or the Poor.  
*her toldera, &c.*

A Lawyer to Furbelow came as I'm told,  
This Vocation time without Silver or Gold,  
For She was so free to yield her Copy-hold.  
*for toldera, &c.*

You Furbelow Ladies now figh and make moan,  
For a Furbelow Lady now here's *Basket Joan*,  
With her Beads round her *Neck* as the fashion is grown,  
*down to her toldera, &c.*

